

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;
the Proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.
A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in ad-
vance, and no credit will be given for a longer period
than three months.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From Blackwood for April.

"Too Late."

Too late! the curse of life! Could we but read
In many a heart, the thoughts that inly bleed,
How oft were found
Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound
(Curse of our mortal state)
Too late!—too late!

Tears are there, acid drops, that do not rise
Quick gushing to the eyes;
Kindly relieving, as they gently flow,
The mitigating woe;
But nozing inward, silent, dark and chill
Like some cavernous ill
That falls congealing; turning into stone
The thing it falls upon.

But now and then, may be, the pent up pain
Breaks out resistless, in some passionate strain
Of simulated grief;
Finding relief
In that fond idle way
For thoughts on life that prey.

"How truthfully conceived!" with glancing eyes
Some list'ner cries—
"Fine art to feign so well!"
Ah! none can tell
So truthfully the deep thoughts of the heart
Who have not felt the smart.

Too late—the curse of life!—take back the cup
So mockingly held up
To lips that need not drain;
Was it no pain,
That lone heart-thrust,
The life giving kiss, that is offered first
On that extremest side?

Who leaves, shall that be more?
Take back the cup. Yet no—who dares to say
'Tis mockingly presented? Let it stay—
If here too late,
There is a better state;
A cup that this may typify, prepared
For those who've little of life's sweetness shared,
Nor many flow'rets found
On earthly ground:

Yet patiently hand on, adding meek
The call of him they seek—
"Come, then that weepeth, but hast stood the test—
Come to thy rest."

RECEIVED.

The Dead Boxer.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

(CONTINUED.)

The reply which was given to this could not
be heard.
"Well," rejoined Nell, "I know that. Her
comin' here may not be for my good; but—well
take this shawl, an' let the work be quick. The
carman must be sent back wid sore bones to
keep him quiet."

"The car immediately reached the spot where
they sat, and as it passed, the two men rushed
from the gate, stopped the horse, and struck the
carman to the earth. One of them seized him
while down, and pressed his throat, so as to pre-
vent him from shouting. A single faint shriek
escaped the female, who was instantly dragged
off the car and grizzled by the other fellow and
Nause McCollum.

Lamh Laidher saw there was not a moment
to be lost. With the speed of lightning he sprung
forward, and by a single blow, laid him who
struggled with the carman prostrate. To pass
then to the aid of the female was only the work
of an instant. With equal success he struck
down the villain with whom she was struggling.
Such was the rapidity of his motions, that he had
not yet had time even to speak; nor indeed did
he wish at all to be recognized in the transaction.
The carman, finding himself freed from his op-
ponent, bounded to his legs, and came to the as-
sistance of his charge, whilst Lamh Laidher,
who had just flung Nause McCollum into the
ditch, returned in time to defend both from a
second attack. The contest, however, was a
short one. The two ruffians, finding that there
was no chance of succeeding, fled across the
fields; and our humble hero, on looking for
Nause and her aunt, discovered that they also
had disappeared. It is unnecessary to detail the
strong terms in which the strangers expressed
their gratitude to Lamh Laidher.

"God's grace be upon you, whoever you are,
young man!" exclaimed the carman, "for wid
his help an' your own good arm, it's my down-
right opinion that you saved us from bein' both
robbed an' murdered."

"I'm of that opinion myself," replied Lamh
Laidher.
"There is goodness, young man, in the tones
of your voice," observed the female; "we may at
least ask the name of the person who has saved
our lives?"

"I would rather not have my name mentioned
in the business," he replied, "a woman, or a devil
I think, that I don't wish to cross or provoke,
has had a hand in it. I hope you haven't been
robbed?" he added.

She assured him, with expressions of deep
gratitude, that she had not.

Oxford Democrat

No. 2, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, May 18, 1841.

Old Series, No. 13, Vol. 8.

"Well," said he, "as you have neither of you
come to harm, I would take it as the greatest
favor you could do me, if you'd never mention a
word about it to any one."

To this request they agreed with some hesita-
tion. Lamh Laidher accompanied them into
town, and saw them safely lodged in a decent
second rate inn, kept by a man named Luke
Connor, after which he returned to his father's
house, and without undressing, fell into a disturb-
ed slumber until morning.

It is not to be supposed that the circumstances
attending the quarrel between him and Mechal
Neil, on the preceding night, would pass off
without a more than ordinary share of public
notice. Their relative positions were too well
known not to excite an interest corresponding
with the characters they had borne, as the lead-
ers of two bitter and powerful factions; but when
it became certain that Mechal Neil had struck
Lamh Laidher Oge, and that the latter refused
to fight him, it is impossible to describe the sen-
sation which immediately spread through the
town and parish.

The intelligence was first re-
ceived by O'Rourke's party with incredulity and
scorn. It was impossible that he of the Strong
Hand, who had been proverbial for courage, could
be at once turn coward, and bear a blow from a
Neil! But when it was proved beyond a possi-
bility of a doubt or misconception, that he re-
ceived a blow tamely before many witnesses, un-
der circumstances of the most degrading insult,
the rage of his party became incredible. Before
ten o'clock the next morning his father's house
was crowded with friends and relations, anxious
to hear the truth from his own lips, and all, after
having heard it, eager to point out to him the
only method that remained of wiping away his
disgrace—namely, to challenge Mechal Neil.

His father's indignation knew no bounds; but
the mother, on discovering the truth, was not
without that pride and love which are ever ready
to form an apology for the failings and errors of
an only child.

"You may all talk," she said, "but if Lamh
Laidher Oge didn't strike him, he had good rea-
son for it. How do you know, an' bad cess to
your tongues, all through other, how Ellen Neil
would like him after wellin' her brother? Don't
you think but she has the spirit of her faction in
her as well as another?"

This, however, was not listened to. The father
would not hear of an apology, for his son's cow-
ardice but an instant challenge. Either that
or to be driven from his father's roof were the
only alternatives left him.

"Come out here," said the old man, for the son
had not yet left his humble bed room, "an' in
presence of them that you have brought to shame
and disgrace, take the only plan that's left to you,
an' send him a challenge."

"Father," said the young man, "I have too
much of your own blood in me to be afraid of
any man—but for all that, I neither will nor can
fight Mechal Neil."

"Very well," said the father bitterly, "that's
enough. Dier Mamin, Oonagh, you're a guilty
woman; that boy's no son of mine. If he had
any blood in him, he couldn't act as he did—
Here, you dunnible interloper, the door's open
for you, go out of it, and let me never see the
braided face of you while you live."

The groans of the son were audible from his
bed-room.
"I will go, father," he replied, "an' I hope he
will come when you'll change your opinion
of me. I can't however, stir out till I send
a messenger a mile or so out of town."

The old man, in the mean time, wept as if his
son had been dead; his tears, however, were not
those of sorrow, but of shame and indignation.

"How can I help it," he exclaimed, "when I
think of the way that the Neils will clip their
wings and crow over us! If it was from any
other family he took it so manly, I wouldn't care
so much; but from them! Oh, Chierah! it's
too bad! Turn out, you villain!"

A charge of deeper disgrace, however, awaited
the unhappy young man. The last harsh words
of the father had scarcely been uttered, when
three constables came in, and inquired if his son
were at home.

"He is at home," said the father, with tears
in his eyes, "and I never thought he would bring
the blush to my face that he did by his conduct
last night."

"I'm sorry," said the principal of them, "for
what has happened, both on your account and
his. Do you know this hat?"

"I do know it," replied the old man, "it be-
longed to John. Come out here," said he, "here's
Tom Breen wid your hat."

The son left his room, and it was evident from
his appearance that he had not undressed at all
during the night. The constables immediately
observed these circumstances, which they did
not fail to interpret to his disadvantage.

"Here is your hat," said the man who bore it,
"one would think you were travelin' all night by
your looks."

The son thanked him for his civility, got ele-
ven stockings, and after arranging his dress, said to
his father:—
"I'm now ready to go, father, an' as I can't do
what you want me to do, there's nothin' for me
but to leave the country for a while."

"He acknowledged it himself," said the father,
turning to Breen, "an' in that case, how could I
let the son that shamed me live under my roof?"

"He's the last young man in the county I stand
in," said Breen, "that any one who ever knew
him would suspect to be guilty of robbery. Upon
my soul, Lamh Laidher More, I'm both grieved
and distressed at it. We've come to arrest him,"
he added, "for the robbery he committed last
night."

"Robbery!" they exclaimed with one voice.

"Ay," said the man, robbery, no less—an' what
is more, I'm afraid there's little doubt of his guilt.
Why did he have his hat at a place where the at-
tempt was first made? He must come with us."

The mother shrieked aloud, and clapped her
hands like a distracted woman; the father's brow
changed from the flushed hue of indignation, and
became pale with apprehension.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed; "John never did
other business, but—no, no—your father knows
blood is in you, and there you're wronged, my
son. I know you too well, in spite of all I've
said to you, to believe that, my true-hearted boy."

He grasped his son's hand as he spoke, and
his mother at the same moment, brought him to
her arms, whilst both sobbed aloud. A strange
sense of innate dignity expelled the brow of
young Lamh Laidher. He smiled while his par-
ents wept, although his sympathy in their sorrow
brought a tear at the same time to his eye-lids.

He declined, however, entering into an expla-
nation, and the father proceeded:—
"Yes! I know you are innocent, John; I can
swear that you didn't leave this house from nine
o'clock last night up to the present minute."

"Father," said Lamh Laidher, "don't swear
that, for it wouldn't be true, although you think
it would. I was out the greater part of last
night."

His father's countenance fell again, as did
those of his friends who were present, on hearing
what appeared to be almost an admission of his
guilt.

"Go," said the old man, "go, neighbours, take
him with you. If he's guilty of this, I'll never
more look upon his face. John, my heart was
crushed before, but you're likely to break it, out
an' out."

Lamh Laidher Oge's deportment, on hearing
himself charged with robbery, became dogged
and sullen. The conversation, together with the
sympathy and the doubt it excited among his
friends, he treated with silent indignation and
scorn. He remembered that on the night before,
the strange woman assured him she had not been
robbed, and he felt that the charge was exceed-
ingly strange and unaccountable.

"Come," said he, "the sooner this business is
cleared up the better. For my part, I don't
know what to make of it; nor do I care much
how it goes. I know since yesterday evening,
that bad luck was before me, at all events, an' I
suppose it must take its course, an' that I must
bear it."

The father had sat down, and as he de-
clined a single word in vindication of his son,
The latter looked towards him, when about to
pass out but the old man waved his hand with
sorrowful impatience, and pointed to the door, as
intimating a wish that he should forthwith depart
from under his roof. Loaded with twofold dis-
grace, he left his family and his friends accom-
panied by the constables, to the profound grief
and astonishment of all who knew him.

They then conducted him before a Mr. Brook-
leigh, an active magistrate of that day, and a
gentleman of mild and humane character.

On reaching Brookleigh Hall, Lamh Laidher
found the strange woman, Nell McCollum, Con-
ner's servant maid, and the carman awaiting his
arrival. The master looked keenly at the
prisoner, and immediately glanced with an ex-
pression of strong disgust at Nell McCollum.

"The other female surveyed Lamh Laidher with
an interest evidently deep; after which she whis-
pered something to Nell, who frowned and shook
her head, as if disesteeming from what she had
heard. Lamh Laidher, on his part, surveyed
the features of the female with an earnestness
that seemed to absorb all sense of his own dis-
grace and danger.

"O'Rourke," said the magistrate, "this is a se-
rious charge against you. I trust you may be ef-
fectually to meet it."

"I must wait, your worship, an' I don't fully
what it is first," replied Lamh Laidher, "after
that I'm not afraid of clearin' myself from it."

The woman then detailed the circumstances
of the robbery, which it appeared took place at
the moment her luggage was in the act of being
removed to her room, after which she added,
rather unexpectedly,

"And now, your worship, I have plainly stated
the facts; but I must, in conscience, add, that
although this woman, turning to Nell McCollum,
is of opinion that the young man before you has
robbed me, yet I cannot think he did."

"I'll swear, your worship," said Nell, "that on
passin' homewards last night, seen a car wid
people about it, at Luke Connor's door, I stood
behind the porch, merely to try if I knew who
they wor. I seen this Lamh Laidher, wid
a small oak box in his hands, an' I'll give my
oath that it was open, an' that he put his hand
into it, and took something out."

"Pray, Nell, how did it happen that you your-
self were abroad at such unseasonable an hour?"
said the magistrate.

"Every one knows that I'm out at quare hours,"
replied Nell, "I'm not like others. I know where
I ought to be, at all times; but last night if your
worship wishes to hear the truth, I was on my
way to Andy Murray's wake; the parson had that
was shepherd to the Neils."

"And, pray, Nell," said his worship, "how did
you form to sudden an acquaintance with this re-
spectable looking woman?"

"I knew her for years," said Nell; "I've seen
her in other parts of the country often."
"You were more than an hour with her last
night—were you not?" said his worship.
"She made me stay wid her," said Nell, be-
cause she was a stranger, an' of course, was
glad to see a face she knew, after the fright she got."

"All very natural, Nell; but, in the meantime,
she might have chosen a more respectable as-
sistant. Have you actually lost the sum of six hun-
dred pounds, my good madam?"

"I have positively lost so much," replied the
woman, "together with the certificate of my mar-
riage."

"And how did you first become acquainted
with Nell McCollum?" he inquired.

The stranger was silent, and blushed deeply
at this question; but Nell, with more presence
of mind went over to the magistrate, and while
he looked keenly at her, at then at the plaintiff.

"I must have this confirmed by herself," he
said in reply to Nell's disclosure, "otherwise I
shall be much inclined more to consider you the
 thief than O'Rourke, whose character has been
unimpeachable and above suspicion."

He then beckoned the woman over to his
desk, and after having first inquired if she could
write, and being replied to in the affirmative, he
placed a slip of paper before her, on which was
written:—Is that unhappy woman, called Nell
McCollum, your mother?"

"Alas! she is, Sir," replied the female, with a
deep expression of sorrow. The magistrate then
appeared satisfied. "Now," said he address-
ing O'Rourke, "state fairly and honestly what you
have to say in reply to the charge brought
against you."

"Please your worship," said the young man,
"you hear the woman say that she brings no
charge against me, but I can prove, on oath,
that Nell McCollum, and her niece, Nause
McCollum, along with two men that I don't know,
except that one was called Roddy, met at Frank-
lin's gate, with an intention of robbing, an' it's
my firm belief of murdering, this woman."

He then detailed with great earnestness the
incidents and conversation of the preceding
night.

"Sir," replied Nell, with astonishing prompt-
ness, "I can prove by two witnesses that no later
than last night, he said he would take me to the
high-road, in order to get money to enable him
to marry Ellen Neil. Yes, you villain, Nause
McCollum heard every word that passed between
you and her in the Grand Quarry; an' Ellen,
your worship, can prove it too, if she's sen for."

This had little effect on the magistrate, who
at no time placed any reliance on Nell's asser-
tions; he immediately, however, despatched a
constable for Nause McCollum.

The carman then related all that he knew,
every word of which strongly corroborated what
Lamh Laidher had said. He concluded by de-
claring it to be his opinion that the prisoner was
innocent, and added, that according to the best
of his belief, the box was not open when he left
it in the plaintiff's sleeping-room above stairs.

The magistrate then looked keenly and sus-
piciously towards Nell at this stage of the pro-
ceedings, O'Rourke's father and mother, accom-
panied by some of their friends, made their ap-
pearance. The old man, however, declined to
take any part in the vindication of his son. He
stood sullenly silent, with his arms folded and
his brows knit, as in much indignation as in sor-
row. The grief of the mother was louder, for
she wept audibly.

"Ere the I was a minute, the constable
returned, and stated that Nause was not to be
found."

"She has not been at her master's house since
morning," he observed, "and they don't know
where she is, or what has become of her."

The magistrate immediately despatched two
of the constables with strict injunctions to se-
cure her if possible.

"In the meantime," he added, "I will order
you, Nell McCollum, to be strictly confined, un-
der certain whether she can be produced or
no. Your hands may be searched with some
degree of success, while you are in duress; but
after that time we might seek for her in vain, if
you were at liberty to regulate her motions. I
can't expect," he added turning to the stranger,
that you should prosecute one so nearly related
to you even if you had proof, which you have
not but I am almost certain, that she was a se-
rious other concerned in the robbery. You are
a modest interesting woman, and I regret the
loss you have sustained. At present there are
no grounds for committing any of the parties
charged with the robbery. This unhappy woman
I commit only as a vagrant, until her
niece is found, after that we shall probably be
able to see somewhat further into this strange af-
fair."

"Something tells me, Sir," replied the stranger,
"that this young man is as innocent of the
robbery as the child unborn. It's not my inven-
tion of ever prosecuting him. What I have done
in the matter was against my wishes."

"God in the heaven bless you for these words!"
exclaimed the parents of O'Rourke, each pressing
her hand with delight and gratitude. "The wo-
man warmly returned their greetings, but in-
stantly felt her bosom heave with an hysterical
emotion, under which she sunk into a state of
insensibility. Lamh Laidher More and his wife
were proceeding to bring her towards the door
for, then Nell McCollum insisted on a prior
right to render her that service. "Begone, you
servant of the devil," exclaimed the old man,
"you wicked breath is bid about her, or about
any one else; you won't lay a hand upon her."

"Don't let her, for heaven's sake," said his
wife; "her eye will kill the woman!"
"You are not aware," said the magistrate, "that
this woman is her daughter?"

"Whose daughter, please your honor?" said
the old man indignantly.

"Nell McCollum's," he returned.
"It's as false as hell!" rejoined O'Rourke, "beg-
ging your honor's pardon for sayin' so. I main-

it's false for Nell if she says it. Nell, Sir, never
had a daughter, an' she knows that; but she had
a son, an' she knows best what became of him."

Nell, however, resolved not to be deterred
from getting the stranger into her own hands.—
With astonishing strength and fury she attempt-
ed to drag the invisible creature from O'Rourke's
grasp; but the magistrate, disgusted at her vio-
lence, ordered two of the persons present to
hold her down.

At length the woman began to recover. She
sobbed aloud, and a copious flood of tears drench-
ed her cheeks. Nell ordered her to tear herself
from O'Rourke and his wife.

"Their hands are bad about you," she ex-
claimed, "and their son has robbed you, Mary.
Live them, I say, or it'll be worse for you."

The woman paid her no attention; on the
contrary, she hid her head upon the bosom of
O'Rourke's wife, and wept as if her heart would
break.

"God help me!" she exclaimed with a bitter-
sense of her situation, "I am an unhappy an' a
heart broken woman woman! For many a year
I have not known what it is to have one friend-
ly breast to weep on."

She then caught O'Rourke's hand and kissed
it affectionately, after which she wept afresh;
"Merciful!" said she—Oh, how will I ever be
able to meet my husband! and such a husband!
Oh, begone, begone!"

Both O'Rourke and his wife stood over her in
tears. The latter bent her head, kissed the
stranger, and pressed her to her bosom.

"My God bless you!" said O'Rourke himself
solemnly—"trust in Him, for He can see justice
done to you when man fails."

The eyes of Nell glared at the group like
those of an enraged tigress; she stamped her
feet upon the floor, and struck it repeatedly with
her stick, as she was in the habit of doing,
when moved by her strong and deadly pas-
sions.

"You'll suffer for that, Mary," she exclaimed;
"and as for you Lamh Laidher More, my debt's
not paid to you yet. Your son's a robber, an'
I'll prove it before long; every one knows he's a
coward too."

Mr. Brookleigh felt that there appeared to
be something connected with the transactions
of the preceding night as well as with some of
the persons who had come before him; that per-
plexed him not a little. He thought that con-
sidering the serious nature of the charge pre-
ferred against young O'Rourke he exhibited an
unhappy under it, that did not altogether argue
innocence. Some unsettled suspicions entered
his mind, but not with sufficient force to fix
with any certainty upon any of those present,
except Nell, and Nause McCollum who had ab-
sconded. If Nell were the woman's mother, her
anxiety to justice appeared very natural. Then,
again, young O'Rourke's father, who seemed to
know the history of Nell McCollum, denied that
she ever had a daughter. How could he be cer-
tain that she had not, without knowing her pri-
vate life thoroughly? These circumstances ap-
peared rather strange, if not altogether incompre-
hensible; so much so, indeed, that he thought
it necessary before they separated, to speak with
O'Rourke's family in private. Having expressed
a wish to this effect, he dismissed the other par-
ties except Nell, whom he intimated to keep con-
fined until the discovery of her niece.

"Pray," said he to the father of our humble
hero, "how do you know, O'Rourke, that Nell
McCollum never had a daughter?"

"Right well, your honor. I knew her since
she was a child; an' from that day to this she
was never six months from this town at a time.
No, no—a son she had, but a daughter she never
had."

"Let me ask you, young man, on what busi-
ness were you abroad last night? I expect you
will answer me candidly?"

"It's no matter," replied young Lamh Lan-
der, gloomily "my character's gone. I can't
be worse, an' I will tell no man how I spent it,
an' I have an opportunity of clearin' myself."

"If you spent it innocently," returned the mag-
istrate, "you can have no hesitation in making the
disclosure we require."

"I will not mention it," said the other; "I was
disgraced, an' that is enough. I think but lit-
tle of the robbery."

Brookleigh understood him; but the last as-
sertion, though it exonerated him in the opinion
of a man who knew so nothing about character,
went far in that of his friends who were present
to establish his guilt.

They then withdrew; and it would have been
much to young Lamh Laidher's advantage
if this private interview had never taken place.

The next morning O'Rourke and his wife wait-
ed upon Mr. Brookleigh to state, that in their
opinion, it would be more judicious to liberate
Nell McCollum, provided he kept a strict watch
upon all her motions. The magistrate instantly
admitted both the force and ingenuity of the
thought; and after having appointed three per-
sons to the task of keeping her under surveillance,
he set her at large.

This was all judicious and prudent; but in
the meantime, common rumor having first pub-
lished the fact of young Lamh Laidher's cow-
ardice, found it an easy task to associate his
name with the robbery. His very father, after
their last conference with the magistrate, doubt-
ed him; his friends, in the most sympathetic
terms, expressed their conviction of his guilt,
and the natural consequences resulting from
this was, that he found himself expelled from his
internal roof, and absolutely put out of caste.

The tide of ill-fame, in fact, set in so strongly
against him, that Ellen, startled as she had been
by his threat of taking to the highway, doubted
him. Nause McCollum had not been found, and
the unfavorable rumor was still at its height,
when one morning the town arose and found the
dead walls and streets plastered with what was
in those days known as the fatal challenge of the
dead women.

This method of intimating his arrival had al-
ways been peculiar to that individual, who was
a man of color. No person ever discovered the
means by which he placed his dreadful chal-
lenge. In an age of gross superstition, numer-
ous were the rumors and opinions promulgated
concerning the circumstance. The general im-
pression was, that an evil spirit attended him, by
whose agency his advertisements were put up at

night. A law, it is said, then existed, that when a pugilist arrived in any town, he might claim the right to receive the sum of fifty guineas, provided no man in the town could be found to accept the challenge within a given period. A champion, if tradition be true, had the privilege of fixing only the place, not the mode and regulations of battle. Accordingly the scene of contest uniformly selected by the Dead Boxer was the church-yard of the town, beside a new made grave, dug at his expense. The epithet of the Dead Boxer had given to him, in consequence of a certain fatal stroke by which he had been able to kill every antagonist who dared to meet him; precisely on the same principle that we call a fatal marksman a *dead shot*; and the church-yard was selected, and the grave prepared, in order to denote the fatality incurred by those who entered into a contest with him. He was famous, too, at athletic sports, but he was never known to communicate the secret of the fatal blow; he also taught the sword exercise, at which he was considered to be a proficient.

On the morning after his arrival, the town in which we have laid the scene of this legend felt the usual impulse of an intense curiosity to see so celebrated a character. The Dead Boxer, however, appeared to be exceedingly anxious to gratify this natural propensity. He walked out from the head Inn, where he had strolled, attended by his servant, merely, it would appear, to satisfy them as to the very slight chance which the stoutest of them had in standing before a man whose blow was so fatal, and whose fame so prodigiously hereafter.

Twelve o'clock was the hour at which he deemed proper to make his appearance, and as it happened also to be the market day of the town, the crowd which followed him was unprecedented. The old and young, the hale and feeble of both sexes, all rushed out to see with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and far famed Dead Boxer. The report of his arrival had already spread far and wide into the county, and persons belonging to every class and rank of life might be seen hastening on horseback, and on foot, to see with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and far famed Dead Boxer. The report of his arrival had already spread far and wide into the county, and persons belonging to every class and rank of life might be seen hastening on horseback, and on foot, to see with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and far famed Dead Boxer.

It was about the sixth evening after the day on which the Dead Boxer had published his challenge, that, having noticed Nell from the window as she passed the Inn, he despatched a waiter with a message that she should be sent up to him. Previous to this he had been several times with his wife, on whom she laid serious injunctions never to disclose to her husband the relationship between them. The woman had never done so, for, in fact, the acknowledgment of Nell, as her mother, would have been to any female whose feelings had not been made callous by the world, a painful and distressing task. Nell was the more anxious on this point, as she feared that such a disclosure would have frustrated her own designs.

"Well, granny," said he, when Nell entered, "any word of the money?" Nell cautiously shut the door, and stood immediately fronting him, her hand at some distance from her side, supported by her staff, and her gray glittering eyes fixed upon him with that malicious look which she could never banish from her countenance.

"The money will come," she replied, "in good time. I've a charm near ready that'll get a clue to it. I'm watchin' him—an' I'm watchin' myself—an' Ellen's watched. He has hardly a house to put his head in; but *noobekish!* I'll bring you an' him together—*drag main*, an' I'll make him give you the first blow; after that, if you don't give him one, it's your own fault."

"Get the money first granny. I won't give him the blow till it is safe."

"Won't you?" replied the beldame; "ay, *aher Cressha*, will you, when you know what I have to tell you about him an'—"

"And who, granny?"

"*Diavoul*, man, but I'm afeard to tell you, for fraid you'd kill me."

"Tut, Nelly—I'd not strike an Obeah-woman," said he, laughing.

"I suspect foul play between him an'—her."

"Eh? Fury of hell, no?"

"He's very handsome," said the other, "an' young—far younger than you are, by thirteen—"

"Go on—go on," said the Boxer, interrupting her, and clenching his fist, while his eyes literally glowed like live coals, "go on—I'll murder him; but not till—yes, I'll murder him at a blow. I will; but not till you see the money first. If I give him the blow—*noobekish!* I might never get it, granny. A dead man gives back nothing."

even yet wholly exploded from our humble countrymen. Poor Lamb Lauder was, therefore, an exile from his father's house, repulsed and avoided by all who had formerly been intimate with him.

There was another individual, however, who deeply sympathized in all he felt, because she knew that for her sake it had been incurred; we allude to Ellen Neil. Since the night of their last interview, she too had been scrupulously watched by her relations. But what vigilance can surpass the ingenuity of love? Although her former treacherous confidant had absconded, yet the incident of the Dead Boxer's arrival had been the means of supplying her with a friend, into whose bosom she felt that she could pour out all the anxieties of her heart. This was no other than the Dead Boxer's wife; and there was this peculiarity in the interest which she took in Ellen's distresses, that it was only a return of sympathy which Ellen felt in the unhappy woman's suffering. The conduct of her husband was indefensible; for while he treated her with shameful barbarity, it was evident that his bad passions and his judgment were at variance, with respect to the estimate which he formed of her character. In her honesty he placed every confidence, and permitted her to manage his money and regulate his expenses; but this was merely because her frugality and economic habits gratified his parsimony, and fostered one of his strongest passions, which was avarice. There was something about this amiable creature that won powerfully upon the affections of Ellen Neil; and in entrusting her with the secret of her love, she felt assured that she had not misplaced it. Their private conversations, therefore, were frequent, and their communications unreserved on both sides, so far as woman can bestow confidence and friendship on the subject of her affections on her duty.

This intimacy did not long escape the prying eyes of Nell McCollum, who soon took means to avail herself of it for the purposes which will shortly become evident.

It was about the sixth evening after the day on which the Dead Boxer had published his challenge, that, having noticed Nell from the window as she passed the Inn, he despatched a waiter with a message that she should be sent up to him. Previous to this he had been several times with his wife, on whom she laid serious injunctions never to disclose to her husband the relationship between them. The woman had never done so, for, in fact, the acknowledgment of Nell, as her mother, would have been to any female whose feelings had not been made callous by the world, a painful and distressing task. Nell was the more anxious on this point, as she feared that such a disclosure would have frustrated her own designs.

"Well, granny," said he, when Nell entered, "any word of the money?" Nell cautiously shut the door, and stood immediately fronting him, her hand at some distance from her side, supported by her staff, and her gray glittering eyes fixed upon him with that malicious look which she could never banish from her countenance.

"The money will come," she replied, "in good time. I've a charm near ready that'll get a clue to it. I'm watchin' him—an' I'm watchin' myself—an' Ellen's watched. He has hardly a house to put his head in; but *noobekish!* I'll bring you an' him together—*drag main*, an' I'll make him give you the first blow; after that, if you don't give him one, it's your own fault."

"Get the money first granny. I won't give him the blow till it is safe."

"Won't you?" replied the beldame; "ay, *aher Cressha*, will you, when you know what I have to tell you about him an'—"

"And who, granny?"

"*Diavoul*, man, but I'm afeard to tell you, for fraid you'd kill me."

"Tut, Nelly—I'd not strike an Obeah-woman," said he, laughing.

"I suspect foul play between him an'—her."

"Eh? Fury of hell, no?"

"He's very handsome," said the other, "an' young—far younger than you are, by thirteen—"

"Go on—go on," said the Boxer, interrupting her, and clenching his fist, while his eyes literally glowed like live coals, "go on—I'll murder him; but not till—yes, I'll murder him at a blow. I will; but not till you see the money first. If I give him the blow—*noobekish!* I might never get it, granny. A dead man gives back nothing."

"I suspect," replied Nell, "that the *arraghlid*—that is the money—is in other hands. Lord preserve us! but it's a wicked world, blackie!"

From the Augusta Age.

Land Distribution.

All the projects of federalism, when sifted to the bottom, are found to be based upon the one uniform principle, of making the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

Particularly and most palpably is this true, of their project to divide among the States, the proceeds of the public lands.

That arch federalist, Gov. Kent, recommended this project in his message. After speaking of the debt of the State, and of the means of paying it, he said:—

"We may now, perhaps, indulge the hope, that the rights of the several States of this Union in the lands which are held by the United States in trust for them, will soon be recognized and allowed, and the proceeds of the sale distributed after liberal allowances to the new States, among the several States. If this act of tardy justice is performed, the share of Maine will aid us much in meeting our heavy responsibilities."

By the "liberal allowances to the new States," Gov. Kent means, without doubt, the 12 1-2 per cent. of the gross proceeds of the public lands, which all Mr. Clay's Land Bills have assigned to the new States, preliminary to a division of the remainder.

Now let us follow this matter into its details, and see precisely into whose pockets these monies will go, if Gov. Kent's project succeeds.

Let us suppose that the annual proceed of the public lands, will amount to \$3,487,559, which is not far from the probable truth.

The 12 1-2 per cent to the new States, will amount to \$435,607.

There will remain to be divided the sum of \$3,051,952.

Making the division according to federal population, as provided for by Mr. Clay's Land Bills, and the share of Maine will be \$100,891, which is precisely one half of the sum imposed as State tax, the present year.

These new States have no just right to this 12 1-2 per cent. of the proceeds of the public lands, and it is a fraud upon Maine, as one of the old States, to give it to them. The lands belong to all the States equally, to the old States as well as the new; and to divide among the latter, the magnificent sum of \$435,607 annually, is a mere piece of political robbery.

The just share of Maine in 435,607 is the important sum of \$14,400, and this is what she will lose outright every year, by the "liberal allowances to the new States" which Gov. K. approves and recommends.

This is silly enough in a Governor of Maine to be sure.

But let us follow up further the results of Gov. K's policy, which the federal majority of the Legislature sustained, which they endeavored to make Senator WILLIAMS sustain, by passing a set of midnight Resolves endorsing it.

When Maine gets her share of the public lands, diminished annually by the sum of \$14,400, which is to be sopped off to the new States, Gov. K. intends to apply it to the payment of the State debt.

"The share of Maine will aid us much in meeting our heavy responsibilities." This is what Gov. Kent says, and this is what he intends to do with the money.

The Governor says, that this "WILL aid US."

By *US*, he means plainly, that federal aristocracy of which he is a scion and tool. The application of the proceeds of the public lands to the debt of the State, is substantially a division of it according to property, giving all to the rich and nothing to the poor. It will save just so much taxation, and State taxation is upon property and not upon persons.

No inconsiderable part of this non-resident property is owned out of the state. The city of Boston owns an immense amount of property taxable in Maine, and will realize from \$2 to 5,000 annually, from Gov. Kent's mode of distributing the money which belongs to people of Maine!

In those towns and counties, where these Bostonian allies of Gov. Kent are interested as proprietors, the extent of their interest should be accurately ascertained, and the precise amount of revenue to be drawn by them, from our money, be stated and known by the people.

When this State received its part of the surplus money growing out of the land sales, in 1837, then the democratic Legislature distributed it among the towns, not as they stood rated in the tax act but according to the number of their inhabitants. And by the towns themselves, it was generally divided *per capita*.

All this was right and just. The public lands do not belong to the rich alone, but to the people equally. If they are regarded as the inheritance, won by the blood of the Revolution, every American citizen is an heir, equally with every other. If they are regarded as in part a purchase by the national treasury, then they are equally the property of all, since the national treasury is filled by a mode of taxation, which bears more upon numbers than upon property.

In no sense, do they belong to the people in the proportion in which they pay direct taxes.

The good sense of this State is opposed utterly to this distribution project. It is opposed to it, because it strips the national Government, of the means of fortifying the country, at a very threatening crisis of affairs. It is opposed to it, because more than a rateable share of the consequent increase of duties, will fall upon Maine, as a commercial State and a large consumer of importations. It is opposed to it, because it robs Maine of a large sum to be given away to the new States. But succeed it probably will, and in no inconsiderable degree, by the temporarily ascendant dynasty of Maine.

What then shall be done with the share of Maine? Gov. Kent has told us what he means to do with it. He is now before the people for re-election. If they like his mode of dividing their money among the rich, including a large dividend to the city of Boston, he will receive their suffrages.

From the Lowell (Mass.) Patriot.

The Extra Session.

As the time approaches for the meeting of the extra session of Congress, its objects, intentions and purposes, very naturally become subjects of enquiry; attended as it will be by a considerable draw upon the Treasury of the nation, and in the opinion of many no pressing demand, for such session; yet this opinion is necessarily formed, only from the condition of the country, without any knowledge of the objects or intentions of those, through whose instrumentality the session is called.

The Richmond Enquirer says, "this forth-coming session of Congress is every way worthy of being called extra." It has been convoked by an extraordinary set of men, at an extraordinary time, and for an extraordinary object.

The question now to be considered is, whether there are extraordinary circumstances sufficient to justify such a measure. It seems pretty evident that one of the principal objects of the session will be to fasten, or attempt to fasten upon the people of this country, a National Bank.

The New Yorkers so viewing the matter, are on the move, and already have the Chamber of Commerce of New York appointed a committee to petition Congress for a National Bank. The New York Review gives a plan of one, to be located in that city for fifty years, probably supposing that this may be the only opportunity during that period of time, that they can have any hope of success, or a charter of *indulgence*, subject every ten years, to the prospective action of Congress. It would seem that few men could be found who would raise their voices for a new Bank, while the hideous carcass of the old one is undergoing its final dissection, disclosing at every point, its iniquitous and deleterious practices; conducted as its friends have declared it to have been, by the most pure and talented men in the community, and by the greatest financier of modern times; and if so it would seem that enough has already been disclosed for a verdict of eternal death, to be pronounced without further investigation.

From the Lowell Patriot.

PENNSYLVANIA IMPROVEMENTS.

Dr. John W. Hammond, Book-keeper in the Treasury Department, of Pennsylvania, has prepared a very useful table, giving the actual cost of the different finished Canals and Rail Roads in that State, of the gross revenue and gross expenses of carrying on since they were finished.

By this table it seems that the finished works cost the sum of \$20,655,791, that the gross amount of expenses upon them for the same time was \$6,694,206. Thus the State is paying every year the sum of \$1,239,227 in interest money on these works, besides having paid \$512,532 since they have been in operation more for the cost of carrying them on than the whole receipts from them.

The debt of the State is about \$35,000,000, the other 15 millions having been expended on works not yet finished, to pay interest money, &c. This exhibits a deplorable state of the finances of that great State, interest

money at six per cent. amounting to \$2,100,000 per annum to pay, besides a sum above the gross receipts from the different works to pay for carrying them on. What a commentary upon the reckless manner in which many of the States have joined in the violent speculation. Here you have a large and powerful State fairly crippled in her monies, her credit destroyed, her people taxed as never were Yankees before, merely to gratify the mad desire of getting rich in a minute by speculation.

From the Eastern Argus.

A National Debt.

It is doubtless the purpose of the present Administration to involve the Nation in Debt. Federalists regard a National Debt as a National Blessing. This was Hamilton's doctrine, to whom Federalists look with great reverence. The leader of the Administration is the protégé of the rich Manufacturers and Capitalists of the North. To their interests is he bound by indissoluble ties. To them a National Debt would indeed be a blessing. Without such a Debt there would be no excuse for laying a high Protective Tariff; without such a Debt there would be no reason for the Government seeking credit for itself. Involve the country in debt, and there comes with it weighty reasons, as Federalists will contend, not only for high duties which will enrich the wealthy manufacturers, but also for a National Bank, to add to the riches of the Capitalist; all at the expense of the day laborer and the producer.

But President Tyler's Cabinet well understand, that the great majority of the people of the United States are opposed to blessings that operate in favor of a few, to the injury and destruction of the many—and they know that it will not do for this administration openly to saddle the country with debt. To accomplish their purpose therefore, without bringing upon themselves popular opprobrium, they already resort to the grossest deceit. They declare through the Federal press, that the late administration of Martin Van Buren, has left the Government deeply in debt, and their next move will be, to impose heavy duties upon the people, wherewith to remove the load, with which they falsely assert, the late administration has burdened them.

To prove that the Government was not in debt at the close of the late Administration, that its finances were in a highly flourishing condition, that its obligations were all unimpaired, that there was no necessity for the calling an Extra Session, (the early expedient for burdening the Country with debt,) and that there was enough in the Treasury for the ordinary expenses of Government, we append the following extracts from the statement of Mr. Woodbury, the late Secretary of the Treasury, made to President Van Buren, on the 22d of March, two days before the accession to power of the present Administration.

Bear in mind Democrats, that at the close of your administration, the Government was not only not in debt, but that it had in the Treasury enough for all ordinary expenses.

"It is gratifying to be able to add, that, after all the payments above described, the balance of available money now in the Treasury is more than a million of dollars, including what stands subject to draft, and to the credit of the Treasurer in the mints, and with collectors and receivers. Deducting trust funds of every kind, which have seldom been so small in amount, and none of which should be invested in any manner, the balance will still exceed three-fourths of a million."

Nothing, of course, is easier than the adoption of measures which must increase the expense of 1841, so as to exceed its authorized fiscal means, and thus, not only to cause embarrassment, but impair the pecuniary credit of the General Government, and leave no alternative except greatly increased taxation of some kind, of a permanent national debt.

But it is a matter of congratulation that these financial evils have hitherto been avoided, though severe commercial convulsions, protracted Indian hostilities, and a periodical reduction of the revenue from customs have at times, pressed heavily on our operations. Without doubt they can be longer avoided by a continued reduction in the public engagements, though perseverance in economical retrenchment, and the careful shunning of causes for new or increased expense. Indeed, it must be a source of sincere satisfaction to the President, personally, as well as the community, without any administrative close without foreign war, domestic insurrection, or any other calamity, requiring heavy burdens of any kind to be imposed on the people by the General Government—without the creation of any permanent public debt whatever, or even of a temporary one, that might not be discharged within a year, if proving as prosperous as many have anticipated, without any increase of taxes; but, on the contrary, many old ones reduced—without any claims due and authorized by Congress and the accounting officers, which have not, as a general rule, been paid with specie or its equivalent, and with propriety, however much the Department has been incumbered by revolutions in commerce and bank suspensions, and, in fine, without a Treasury either empty or bankrupt, but its obligations in high credit, and the means in its control, probably enough to discharge in the usual manner and extent throughout the year, every expenditure that has yet been sanctioned by Congress, or requested by yourself or this Department.

Respectfully,
LEVI WOODBURY,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Cook County, Illinois, of which Chicago is the chief town, seems to bear away the palm for the greatest number of marriages in proportion to its inhabitants. From August 23, 1836, to March 1841, there were 605 marriages, besides a large number who were married elsewhere; and the population of the whole County is short of ten thousand. The prospect of increase is certainly flattering.

MURDER WILL OUT.—A correspondent of the Pennsylvania states "upon good authority," that Daniel Webster is indebted to the United States Bank in the small sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars! Twenty-eight thousand of which were over-drafts! Other important disclosures are made.—*Democrat*.

From the Bangor Democrat.

Party Names.

The Calais Advertiser wants no more able name than that of Whig, the Bangor don't think much of party names, while ing to the rank of the Boston Courier some of the administration papers retain old name of Federalists. We always present Whigs by their original name, lists, so that their identity may not be lost the multiplicity of their changes and disguises. It may perhaps be well to recall some names by which the Federalists have been known.

In the first place they were Tories, supporters of the English Government; then Federalists, afterwards Washingtonians, Constitution Friends of Order and regular Government, Moral and Religious People's party, Antislavery, Anti-Republicans, (they particularly in these two latter names) Anti-Jacobins, the Federal Burrito party, the Peace party, No Party party, the People's party, the State party, the Supremacy of the party, the National Republican party, the ers', and Mechanics' and Workmen's party, the Bank party, the Independent Republic party, the Native American party, the File party, the Hartford Convention party, Whig party, the Democratic Whig party, Hoco Poco party, and now the Administration party.

Well may they inquire with one of Shakespeare's characters, if any one knows a commodity of new names may be bought these names have been dishonored, and Federalists will soon be in pursuit of another. Look to a name to give them a good reputation and at one time were quite disposed to repudiate Democratic Republican, but it was de a failure, the better part thought it dishonest, others were satisfied with that of and others would hold on to the old Federalist monies.

It is a course much to be regretted by men of all parties, that men clothed with authority to make appointments to important should select such men as have rendered selves obnoxious to the community by and dishonesty, without any regard to the "is he honest, is he capable?" the establishing a dangerous precedent, making crimination between the virtuous and vicious. Who can wonder at the following from the *Free Times*, in view of the appointment to—*Lowell Patriot*.

"I had some hopes of John Tyler, staunch old Jeffersonian Democrat the other day. I did hope that he would, to some extent, uphold the principles of Democracy, and the welfare of the people, till I heard of his appointment to a high and responsible office. But now I have given up all hopes of the He is associated with the 'pale-players' and dealers, and has shown an utter disregard morality, as well as the interest of the people appointing the leader of the gang who attempted to crush free suffrage, by gross and corruption. It was brazenfaced and move in the Vice President, to place that crippld man in office."

The Independent Treasury. Unquestionably, formerly was, or felt competent to take of his own funds without depositing in banks for safe keeping. An act to establish Treasury Department was passed by Congress and approved by WASHINGTON, the September, 1798. Here are a couple of provisions from this act:

Section 4. And be it further enacted, shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and keep the money of the United States to disburse the same, &c. He shall at all submit to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller, or either of them, the of the money in his hands.

Section 5. And be it further enacted, the duties and fees to be collected by virtue of this act, shall be received in gold and coin ONLY.

After this connection between the government and the first United States Bank place, which JEFFERSON recommended be discontinued, but it was left for VAN BUREN to bring about "a consummation so clearly to be wished." Dare the federalists this unholy alliance? The extra session settle the question.—*New Era*.

Trial of a Pipe layer. The Baltimore publican says,—"We learn that the trial of the notorious Jeffers—the coadjutor of Belcher and Glentworth, in the pipe-laying business has been postponed until June. 'Not till election,' is the watchword of the federalists." We think it strange that Mr. Jeffers not received an appointment before now the new administration. He is certainly as deserving of one as his friend, Mr. B.

ANOTHER 'WHIG' LIE NAILED.—Some editorial lately started a report that General had become bankrupt and poverty stricken. 'old Hickory' has yellow boys and 'dirt enough yet left to outlast half a dozen 'monsters'.—*Argus and Spectator*.

